

THE SECRET INTRUSION™

CAPTAIN MARVEL®



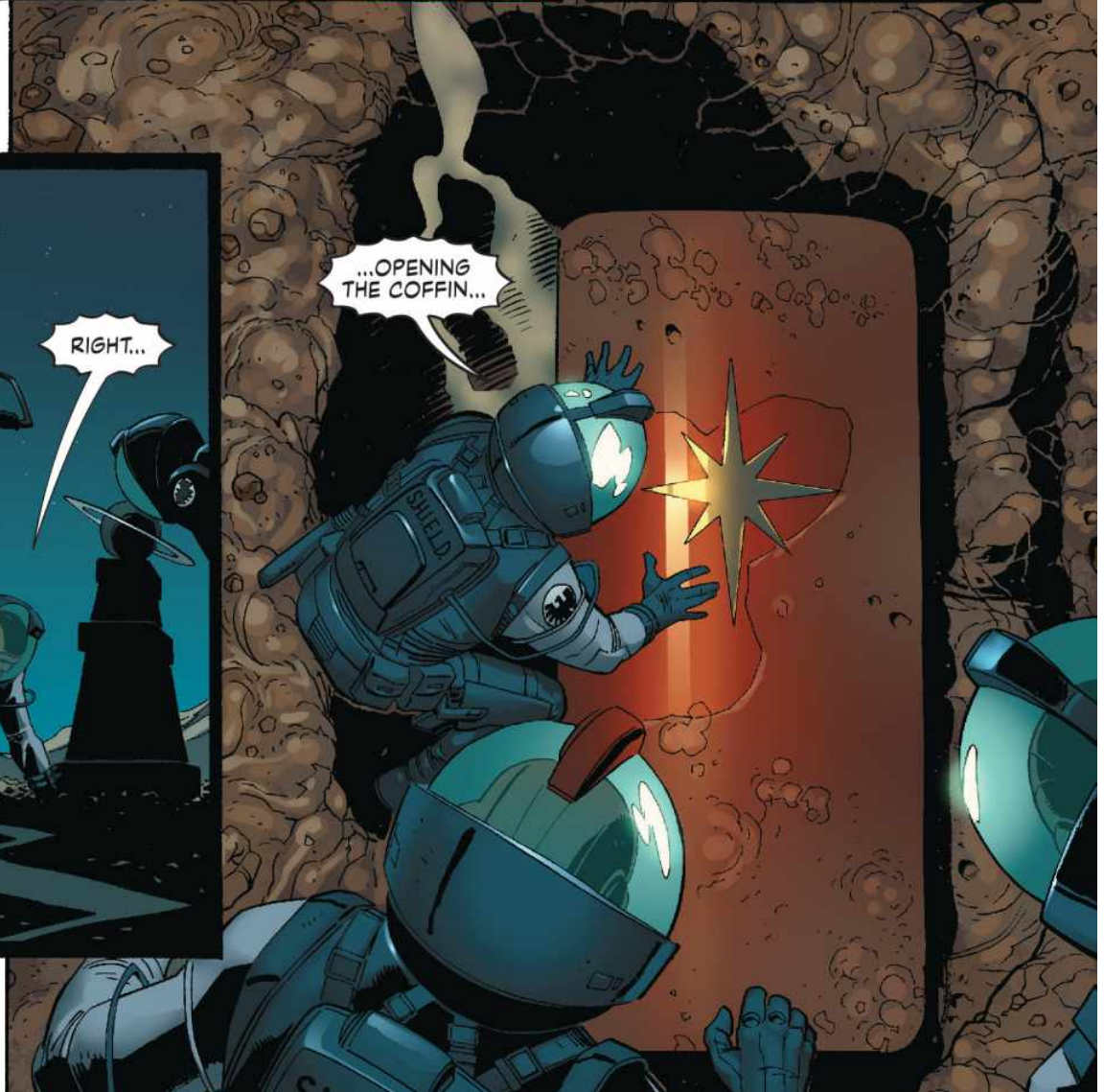
REED
WEEKS
GAUDIANO

MARVEL
LIMITED
SERIES

SATURN'S MOON TITAN — THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN MARVEL.

TWELVE HOURS AFTER CAPTAIN MARVEL'S APPEARANCE IN MANHATTAN.





Mar-Vell of the Kree — an alien soldier treated as a traitor by his own people — became the hero known on Earth as...

CAPTAIN MARVEL

After a long and storied career, Mar-Vell contracted cancer and died in his bed several years ago. At least that's how history was supposed to play out...

After an accident in the Negative Zone, a portal in time opened, drawing Captain Marvel from the past — before his death — and depositing him in the present.

Fully aware of his impending death — and with no way to return to his own point in time, Mar-Vell went to New York to see if Iron Man could help him find his way home. What Mar-Vell found instead was the attention of the entire planet.

A cult calling itself "The Church of Hala," led by the mysterious Mother Starr, worships Mar-Vell as a messiah returned from the dead. Reporter Nathan Jefferson seeks to expose that church as a fraud.

Meanwhile Mar-Vell's memories are still clouded by amnesia, blocked out by the image of a painting of Alexander the Great. Discovering the Skrull infiltration of Earth, Mar-Vell went to see the imprisoned (and presumed dead) Colbalt Man, whom he and Ms. Marvel had dispatched. Colbalt Man revealed himself to be a Skrull spy...and accused Mar-Vell of being a Skrull as well...

4: ALIEN HATED

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THE NORTH POLE — NOW.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

WHAT THAT
CREATURE
SAID TO ME?

PRISON "42" =
ONE HOUR
AGO.

AND *YOU*
ARE NOT CAPTAIN
MARVEL.

OF COURSE NOT.

NEVER.

I AM
MAR-VELL OF
THE KREE!

"ARE THINGS MAKING
MORE SENSE NOW?"





TELL ME...IF YOU HAVE **CANCER**, WHY ARE YOU NOT **ILL**?

WHY DO YOU NOT **COUGH** AND **HURT**?

YOUR NAME IS **KHN'NR**.



"YOU ARE A **SKRULL**."



YOU VOLUNTEERED TO HAVE YOUR MIND ALTERED SO YOU WOULD THINK YOU WERE THAT LONG-DEAD **SON OF A HK'PHH**, CAPTAIN MARVEL.



YOU ARE THE GREATEST **WEAPON** THE SKRULL EMPIRE HAS EVER BUILT. THE PERFECT SLEEPER AGENT, JUST WAITING TO HEAR THE MAGIC WORDS THAT WOULD WAKE YOU.

BUT YOU GOT LOOSE, AND IT WAS MY UNIT'S DUTY TO BRING YOU BACK IN AFTER YOU ESCAPED THE LAB WHERE YOU WERE MADE.

HOW DID I COME TO THIS TIME? WHAT WAS THE "ACCIDENT" I CANNOT RECALL THAT SENT ME HERE?

WHY AM I HERE? FOR WHAT PURPOSE?

LET US LEAVE.

THE EARTH IS OURS FOR THE TAKING, BROTHER KHN'NR!

HOW DO I GET HOME AGAIN?



ARE THESE QUESTIONS JUST **STRAW MEN**, BUILT TO DISTRACT ME FROM THE **TRUTH**?



THE
TIME COMES
SOON...

AS IT IS
WRITTEN, SO
SHALL IT BE
DONE!



AM I TRULY JUST A
TOOL OF THE SKRULLS?



NO!

I

AM

MAR-VELL!



**I AM
KREE!**



YOU
SOUND AS IF
YOUR PAST IS
**WHOLE AND
PERFECTLY
REMEMBERED.**



**WHOLE AND
PERFECTLY
REMEMBERED.**

**YOU
WILL SEE
THE IM**

HEAR THE

**WHOLE AND
PERFECTLY
REMEMBERED.
AND ALL WILL
RE**

**HIS UNDER-
STOOD?**

YES.



GOOD.
RETURN HIM TO
THE FUTURE
ONCE
THE
DANGEROUS.

TOMORRO--

NO! NO!





Standing in the hot California sun in a heavy robe, collecting donations and posing for pictures with tourists who want to say they met one of those crazy cultists who worship Captain Marvel.

This was not the plan when I left New York.



THIS IS WHAT I HAVE LEFT AFTER PAYING MY BILLS AND BUYING MY GROCERIES.

I WANT YOU PEOPLE TO DO **GOOD** WITH IT, UNDERSTAND?

YES, MA'AM. I PROMISE IT WILL GO TO A GOOD CAUSE.

I keep looking for the things I expected to find here.

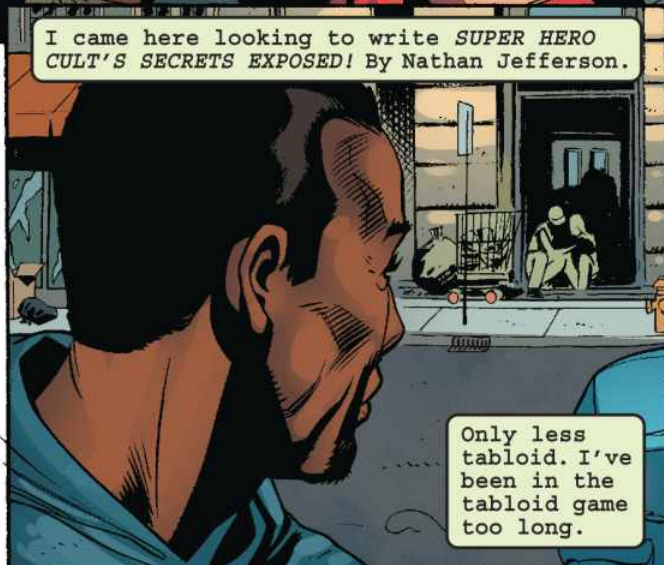


BROTHER NATHAN, HAVE YOU SEEN SISTER HEATHER?



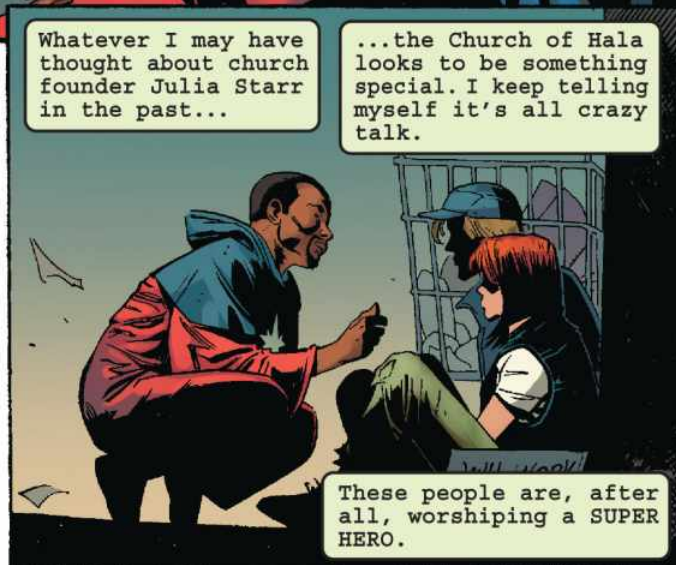
HEATHER...SANTÉ? NO...NOT IN A COUPLE OF DAYS, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT.

I search for corruption, for secrets. Something to hang a story on. But I don't find it.



I came here looking to write **SUPER HERO CULT'S SECRETS EXPOSED!** By Nathan Jefferson.

Only less tabloid. I've been in the tabloid game too long.



Whatever I may have thought about church founder Julia Starr in the past...

...the Church of Hala looks to be something special. I keep telling myself it's all crazy talk.

These people are, after all, worshipping a **SUPER HERO**.



But they are also **DOING GOOD**.

WE really are doing good.



The nights are for worship services.

At first I hated them. Felt silly trying to blend in.

Sure I would be spotted for what I was--an interloper.



The church, though, makes you feel you belong somewhere.

Makes you feel like you're a part of something bigger.



I just keep telling myself it's all a lie. It's not real.

I'm the guy that got divorced when his wife found God and she wanted to go to church every Sunday.

I'm not about to become one of these people, claiming Captain Marvel will show us the way.



I'm not getting sucked in. I'm not becoming part of the story I'm writing.

I'm staying objective.

I'm staying safe--



BROTHER NATHAN...

...MOTHER STARR DEMANDS YOUR PRESENCE.





I SINCERELY
HOPE YOU DON'T MEAN
THAT LITERALLY.





**AL-FASHER,
SUDAN.**

JULIA STARR TOLD
ME HER DREAMS
FOR THIS WORLD.

SHE SPOKE OF WHO
SHE HAD BEEN BEFORE
AND WHAT SHE WAS
TRYING TO MAKE OF
HERSELF NOW, IN
MY NAME.

EVEN IF WHAT THE
SKRULL SAID WAS
TRUE...WHAT THIS
WOMAN HAS DONE
IS **HUMBLING**.

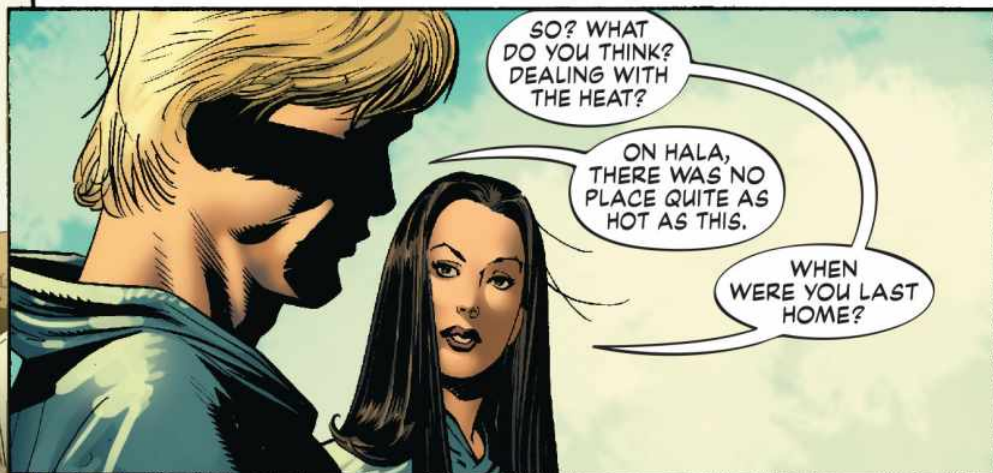
OUR TALK
BROUGHT
US HERE.

WE COULD HAVE GONE
ANYWHERE ON EARTH--
AND THERE WERE MANY
PLACES THAT NEEDED
OUR ATTENTION--BUT
WE STARTED **HERE**.

THE WORLD IS
WATCHING US.
AND IT IS TIME
TO STAND UP.

TO SAY THAT I AM
MAR-VELL. THAT
I WILL DO SOME-
THING MORE THAN
DIE IN BED.

I WILL HELP BRING
PEACE TO THIS WORLD.



SO? WHAT
DO YOU THINK?
DEALING WITH
THE HEAT?

ON HALA,
THERE WAS NO
PLACE QUITE AS
HOT AS THIS.

WHEN
WERE YOU LAST
HOME?

I...I DO
NOT REMEMBER FOR
CERTAIN.

I WANT
MY PAST TO BE
WHOLE AND
PERFEC--





"JOINING US THIS EVENING ON *ALL THINGS CONSIDERED*, FROM AL-FASHER IN THE DARFUR REGION OF SUDAN IS NATHAN JEFFERSON, A REPORTER AND MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF HALA.



"NATHAN IS IN AL-FASHER AS PART OF THE RELIEF EFFORT, AND WAS ON HAND AT THE CHURCH-OWNED WAREHOUSE WHEN THE BOMB EXPLODED, KILLING TWENTY-ONE CHURCH MEMBERS, INCLUDING LEADER JULIA STARR.



"GOOD EVENING, MISTER JEFFERSON, AND WELCOME TO THE SHOW."

"HELLO."

"MISTER JEFFERSON, WHAT DO YOU THINK CAPTAIN MARVEL WAS TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH TODAY?"



"HE DESTROYED A LOT OF WEAPONS...DIDN'T HURT ANYONE...I--"



"--I THINK HE SAID IT BEST HIMSELF WHEN HE SHOWED UP AT THE TV STATION..."



IT STOPS NOW!



I ONCE SWORE TO PROTECT THIS WORLD, AND NO MATTER WHAT, I *WILL* PROTECT IT--EVEN FROM ITSELF!

THIS INSANITY ENDS. OR I *WILL* END.

STARK TOWER.

AS YOU CAN IMAGINE, CAROL, PEOPLE ARE NOT PLEASED ABOUT THIS.

TONY, IF THIS WAS JUST AN AVENGERS SITUATION...

...WHAT WOULD YOU WANT TO DO?

I'D WANT TO GO OUT AND TALK TO HIM, TRY TO CALM HIM DOWN. REIN HIM IN.

HIT HIM IF WE NEEDED TO.

BUT...?

BUT, I'M AFRAID MAR-VELL MIGHT BELIEVE WHAT THE SKRULL TOLD HIM.

MAYBE HIS AMNESIA HAS MADE HIM MORE SUSCEPTIBLE, OR--

SIGH

DECLARING AN END TO ALL WAR? **ENFORCING** PEACE ON EARTH? THAT'S NOT THE MAR-VELL WE KNEW.

HE'S CLEARLY HURTING, BUT HE'S OUT OF CONTROL. HE'S DANGEROUS...

...AND WE CAN'T HAVE THAT.

SO WHAT DO WE DO?

THESE.
HIS NEGA-BANDS.

NEGA-BANDS LIKE CAPTAIN MARVEL'S? WAIT A SECOND...

...THESE ARE THE REAL THING?

DOES IT MATTER?

I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF THEY'RE REAL OR A FORGERY. BECAUSE I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU CAME BY THEM IF THEY'RE REAL.

I APPRECIATE THAT.

BUT DOES IT **MATTER?**

I SUPPOSE NOT. FOR NOW.

YOU JUST HAVE TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO TOUCH THESE BANDS TO HIS. HE SHOULD BE SHUNTED OFF TO THE NEGATIVE ZONE FOR THREE HOURS--

"SHOULD BE?"

THAT'S HOW IT **USED** TO WORK. IF IT STILL WORKS THAT WAY, WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO GET HIM PROPERLY CONTAINED WHEN HE COMES BACK.

SO WHY ME?

THE S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT I WANTED TO USE FOR THIS OPERATION HASN'T REPORTED IN DAYS.

WHY NOT DO THIS YOURSELF?

BECAUSE I CAN'T GET CLOSE TO HIM. NOT LIKE YOU CAN.

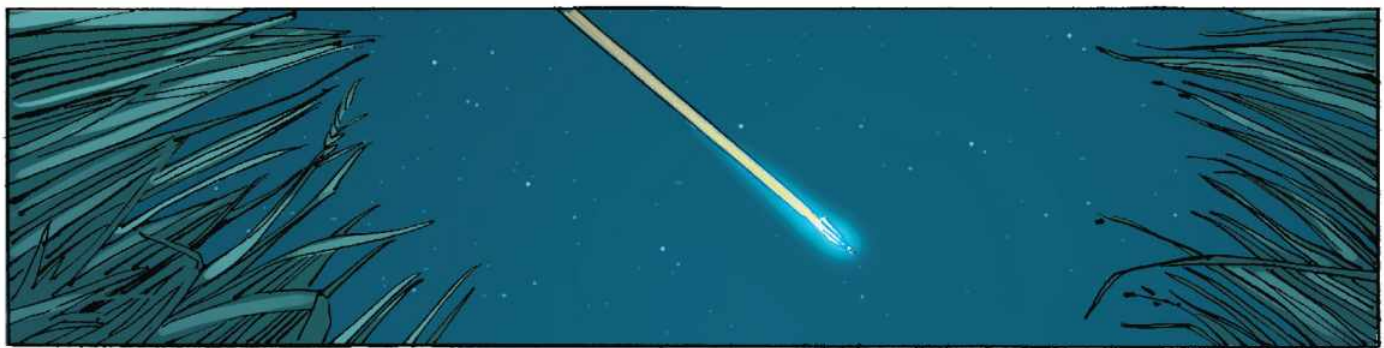
HE TRUSTS MS. MARVEL.

YEAH...

...HE TRUSTS ME.



AFRICA.







I HAVE SEEN THIS
LIGHT BEFORE.

WHEN I FIRST
TRAVELED FROM
THE PAST TO THE
FUTURE.



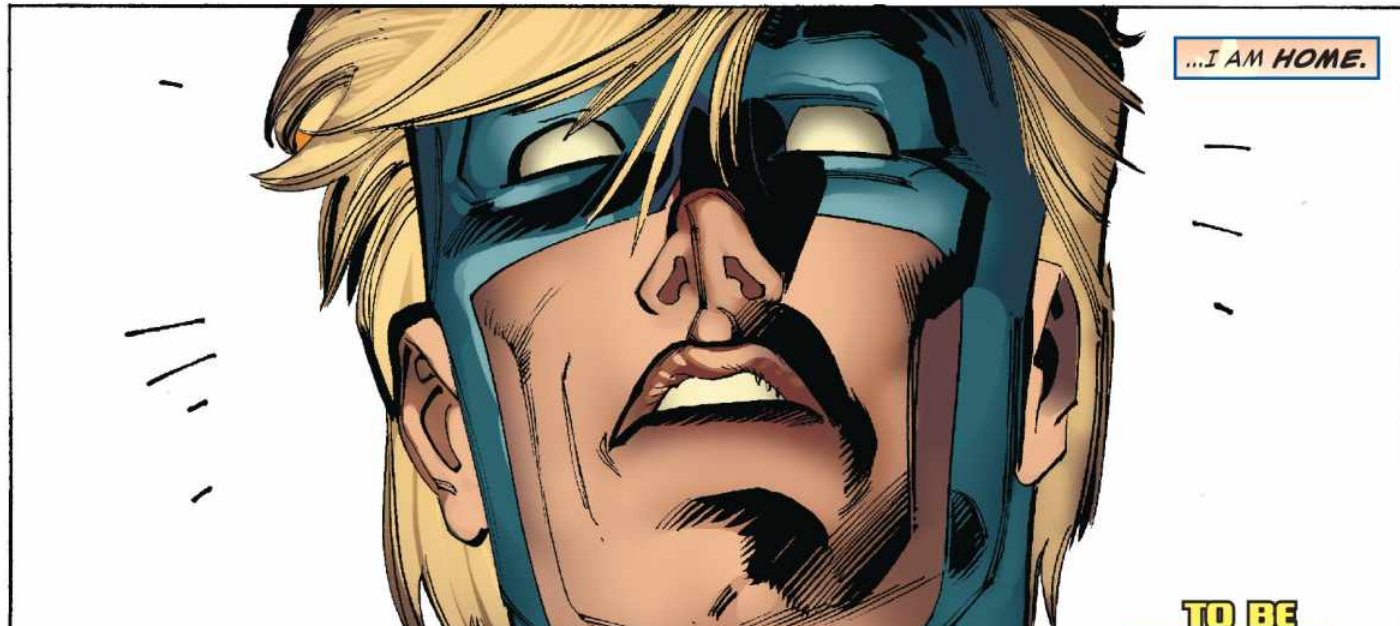
AS I DRAW CLOSER
I BECOME MORE
CERTAIN...



I KNOW WHERE I AM...



I...



...I AM HOME.

TO BE